reversed are frequent in contemporary novels; the well-meaning bourgeois, after some hesitation and spiritual travail, is accepted by true-blue proletarians as one of themselves,[33] rather as, in Victorian novels, the weedy, low-born boy of scholarly tastes becomes acceptable to radiantly athletic aristocrats.

To invest materially in revolutionary hopes is a hazardous proceeding; few are prepared to buy ideological futures, though many to advertise them. Upper-class revolutionaries have usually preferred to equip their children with the old-school tie they denounced, or at most have availed themselves of establishments like Dartington Hall, which inculcate equalitarian theory without jeopardising manners and accent by its practice; while a sentimental escape from their dilemma has been provided by the conviction, widely held among them, that aristocrats and proletarians have a natural bond of sympathy, and a common

[33] For instance, *One Life, one Kopek* by Walter Duranty. The hero, Ivan, after being sent to Siberia on a false charge, and there getting hold of a copy of *Das Kapital,* becomes a Bolshevik. He is of mixed aristocratic and peasant extraction, tough and handsome, and manages always to be well provided with money. Women of all classes fall for him at once, and he is not behindhand in responding to their advances. While staying in an aristocratic country house, he makes the acquaintance of Perkins, an English butler. Perkins considers Ivan a very fine young gentleman, and treats him with particular deference. In the course of a respectful conversation, he gives him an account of English social life, the gist of his remarks being that a Bolshevik in Russia is, roughly, the equivalent of a gentleman in England, and that socialism is built on the playing-fields of Eton. Take, again, the

following conversation (ia *The Big Firm* by Amabel Williams-Ellis) between a number of true-blue proletarians. They are discussing an upper-class comrade named Wynne, who has lately come among them —

* "That Owen Wynne's more like a foreigner in a way, you know, Stan."

* "I think he's ever so good-looking," said one of the girls, with a side glance at Harold.

[4] "Doesn't he have a lovely pullover, too!" said the other.

* "D'you know I had to tell him who Ernie Sevan is ?" There was a general laugh at this.

* * "Ye shouldn't make a mock of the young man! Ye should be able to take account of the fact, when ye find a specimen of the workers-by-brain eager to co-operate with the workers-by-hand ..." '